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From the Metropolitan.

A Nation Born.*

AIN—Old Hundred.

"A Nation born!" Imposing thought,
When mingled with the love we feel
For those brave souls, who victory bought
With blood of hearts, as true as steel.

"A Nation born!" Yet in the hour
Of birth was sought no tyrant's aid,
But, guided by the God of Power,
Blest Freedom found herself arrayed.

"A Nation born!" But not by arms
Of fettered souls or slavish might,
But 'free-born men from shops and farms,
Directed by the God of right.

"A Nation born!" Its banner now
By Freedom's breath is wide unfurled,
And graven in its God-lit brow,
"Columbia's sons will save the world."

"When the old bellman had received the joyful intelligence of the passage of the Declaration of Independence, and peal after peal had rung out on the air, a devoted royalist, who was then in Philadelphia, remarked, 'I regard that as the death-knell of these colonies.' 'It may be,' replied his daughter, 'but I regard it as the signal of a new born nation.'"

"Down on the Dutch."

In the year 1855, Jno. M. Wilson, one of the Republican electors of Indiana, was one of the rankest, most foul-mouthed and uncompromising Know Nothings of the party. We produce, as an evidence of this fact, an extract from a speech of his delivered in that year, in the town of Salem. It will assist German Republicans in forming correct opinions of the "sheep" in the fold they have entered. He said:

"Some tell me that many foreigners are intelligent; how in the name of Almighty God can they say it! Look at the Dutchman, smoking his pipe, and if you can see a ray of intelligence in that idiotic face of his, show it to me.

You see a lop-eared, wide-mouthed, mullet-headed Dutchman, coming up just from some hut in the land of krait, with the foam of beer still sticking to his horse-tail whiskers, and his breath smelling of garlic and onions, enough to kill a white man 300 yards, and before he can say anything in the world but 'temokrat' he must vote, and that vote counts as much as yours or mine. This is outrageous and abominable. These foreigners that have carried elections for old-liners, will have to learn their places. They have no more right to vote than the brute of the field, and have not half the sense of a good New Foundland dog; and God knows were I a candidate for any office, I would tell these paupers and vagabonds, these vile, filthy, dirty, degraded, idiotic foreigners I did not want their votes and if ever I am a candidate, I hope to God I never will get them."

If the Republican party deny that they are responsible for the odious sentiments and utterances of Jno. M. Wilson, then why did they place his name at the head of the state ticket of one of the leading north-western states, and select him as a mouth-piece, for the struggle of 1860! This very act is a recognition of the truth, that there is yet a feeling of burning hatred for adopted citizens serving the American element of the Republican party. That element, while it courts the vote of the foreigner, most heartily

and uncompromisingly loathes and detests the voter.—Warrick Democrat.

Mr. James G. Jones, of this city, and the present Republican candidate for Attorney General, used language almost similar to the above, and equally as violent and abusive of the Germans, and the present editor and proprietor of the Evansville Volksbote, which is intent on promoting clannishness among the Germans, and is very violent for the Republican candidates—Jones, and the rest, was, in 1854-5 as violent a Know Nothing in sentiment as the most vindictive of American Know Nothings—supporting the Know Nothing candidates for office so long as the K. N. organization was kept up, and when his countrymen in Louisville—no only men, but helpless women and children were murdered by wholesale and burned to death in their own houses, the present editor of the Volksbote defended the Plug Ugly blood stained ruffians, and said that they did right, that they (the K. Ns) "ought to have killed the d-d scoundrels." Such were Know Nothing supporters then—such are Republican leaders now.—Evansville Enquirer.

From Crawford County.

[Correspondent of the New Albany Ledger.]
LEAVENWORTH, IND., May 28, 1860.

GENTLEMEN.—The Hon. David T. Laird of Rockport according to previous notice, made us a regular out-and-out Democratic speech at the Court House on Wednesday evening of last week.

Being Common Pleas Court week, an unusually large crowd was marshalled together. The Court room was filled to its utmost capacity, and the way our speaker poked it into the short ribs of the slogger worshippers, or Lincolnites, was a "sin to Crockett." Mr. Laird ably and eloquently expounded the great doctrine of Popular Sovereignty, claiming for the people the divine right of self-government. He denounced in strong terms the sectional doctrines of Congressional intervention as claimed by the Abolitionists of the North and Ultraists of the South.—Mr. Laird having but recently associated himself with the Old National Democratic party, and having but four years ago made at this place an able speech in vindication of the late Native American party, now deceased—(upon which a gentleman of this county has taken out letters of administration) no little interest was, for that reason, manifested to hear what position he might now take, and what reasons he might assign for deserting, as charged, the principles of the Opposition party.

Mr. Laird claims that he has not deserted his principles, but that, unlike the majority of his then followers, he was unwilling to follow off and support that miserable sectional party whose leader claims and has asserted that this Union is divided against itself and therefore cannot stand; that the States of this Union must be all free or all slave.—Most ably and to the entire satisfaction of every candid man present, did our speaker exonerate himself from the ban of selfish charges urged against him by his former political friends on account of the position he now assumes. We don't blame them for their course towards Mr. Laird; upon the contrary, we sympathize with them because it costs much to surrender so great a champion. And, furthermore, what do their charges amount to!—Simply nothing at all—everybody understands them. The Democracy are satisfied, and that is sufficient.

W. Q. Gresham, Esq., of Corydon attempted to answer him, but signally failed, which was deeply felt by his friends. But honor to whom honor is due, Mr. Gresham made a very handsome and ingenious speech.

Very respectfully, &c.

HOOPPOLE, JR.

For Governor.

We understand that the Union men of this city and in the Southern part of the State contemplate presenting the name of Jas. E. Blythe, of this city, as their candidate for Governor. Mr. Blythe is a gentleman of ability and should he succeed in being elected, would make a most excellent Executive officer. We also understand, that should the nomination be tendered to Mr. Blythe, he would not decline to make the race; not that he would expect to succeed, but that he would still represent the old Whig party, a member of which he has always been.—Ev. Enquirer.

The true aim of satire should be like that of air guns, to make a report, but wounding no one.

A Trio of Worthies.

In the Thirteenth Congress, during the last two years of Polk's Administration, there were three members, named respectively, George Ashmun, of Massachusetts, Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, and Abram Lincoln, of Illinois. At that time our country was engaged in the war with Mexico, and our gallant countrymen were in the enemy's country, bearing up the national flag in the midst of foes ten times as numerous as themselves.

While the eyes of the nation were following her hardy sons in their fearful struggles with the enemy, and the nation's heart was leaping with exultation as the intelligence came of each dearly bought but glorious victory, George Ashmun, in the Congress of the United States, introduced resolutions, declaring the war with the Republic of Mexico "unconstitutional, unnecessary and unjust."

These resolutions received the prompt and cordial support of Abram Lincoln.—Thomas Corwin also defended them, and in a speech declared that the Mexicans should welcome the American soldiers "with bloody hands to hospitable graves!"

The resolutions of Ashmun were voted down, but they did not lose their effect.—The speeches made in their defense were transferred to Mexico, where they were published in newspapers, read at the head of the Mexican army, and by pulpits, to prove that the Mexican party was strong in the United States, and would soon overcome the Democracy. In consequence, the war was prolonged, millions of dollars unnecessarily expended, and thousands of noble lives were sacrificed.

The wrath of the people followed the members of Congress who allied themselves with the nation's foes. Ashmun, Corwin and Lincoln were dismissed from public life it then seemed, forever. Only since the rise of the Republican party, have they again acquired prominence.

Of the recent Chicago Convention of plotters against the Union, George Ashmun was chairman—the same Ashmun who presented the infamous resolutions of 1847.—Thomas Corwin was a leading spirit at the same Convention, exercising a great influence over its deliberations. And Abram Lincoln is that Convention's nominee for President!—Those who have proved themselves the enemies of the country are given the places of honor in the Republican party. This is quite appropriate, and exhibits beyond all doubt the true character of that political organization.

Lincoln has never been able to remove the condemnation of his own State for his traitorous conduct, and never will be. In 1858, his own county repudiated him. Those who support him for President, in the face of his vote on Ashmun's resolutions, must be regarded as approving of his conduct in that trying hour of the country's history.

A singular complaint has been made in different parts of this country of bitter eggs. They appear fresh and nice, and are in no way distinguishable from other eggs, save in the taste, which is bitter like unquinine. Have the hens been fed on tansy? Or can any scientific man account for this singular phenomena of nature.—Three Rivers (Mich.) Chronicle.

Seventeen years ago when the locusts were plenty, the same bitter taste was in the eggs, and continued until the disappearance of the insects. Perhaps the Michigan hens have had an early taste of the locusts which are to prevail this year.—Buffalo Advertiser.

SCRIBBLERS ATTENTION!—Mr. Thaddeus Williams, Louisville Ky., well known as a contributor to various publications in America and Europe, is preparing an "Author's Album," designed to contain contributions from the living writers of America, with a portrait and short biography of each. The "Author's Album" is opened to all, and writers desiring to appear in its pages are requested to address him as above on the subject, enclosing a stamp.

Exchanges, by copying the above, (and this notice) twice and sending Mr. W. the papers containing it, will be entitled to a copy of the book.

Miss Jenks complained that the Turkey she ate on Thanksgiving day "did not set well."

Jones suggested that "probably it was not a hen Turkey." Jones got a glass of water in his face.

The Betrayed.

BY LAURA LORIMER.

They are to be wedded to-morrow!
'Till twine me a garland to-night;
If tears from my eyes are o'erflowing
They'll not make the roses less bright,
I'll call to my cheek a rich flushing,
The haughtiest hectic of pride;
My eyes shall flash brighter and darker
Than those of his beautiful bride!

I will meet him with queenliest scorn,
Nought shall be read in my tone
To tell that I miss the caresses,
The love words which once were my own;
My fingers shall never once quiver,
Within his warm clasp as of old,
For the eagle has stooped from his eyrie,
Allured by the gleaming of gold.

They are to be wedded to-morrow!
Last even I saw him pass by,
But his lips never parted to greet me,
I won not a glance from his eye,
O'er my own burning orbs swept the lashes,
Though veiled from the light by my hand,
For I feared he would read, in their language
The feelings I could not command.

O pride, keep thy haughtiest vigil!
Thy fetters weave heavy and strong!
For love in my spirit is twining
A dreamy and passionate song.
The fire of idolatrous worship
Is leaping through each thrilling vein,
My wild heart is panting and pining
To throb against his once again

They are to be married to-morrow—
That morrow he never shall see!
Though it spring from the east with rejoicing,
It dawns not for him or for me.
My dagger shall drink to our meeting,
Ere midnight's dead watch shall have flown
And while his heart's blood stains its gleaming
I'll bury it deep in my own.

From the lips whose proud curling last even,
First woke this red vision of death,
My own, with a passionate clinging,
Shall drink up the last trembling breath!
The false and true-hearted together,
We'll go to the shadowy land,
Where the asphodel was ash forever—
Nemesis! oh nerve this weak hand!

Nay, let them be wedded to-morrow,
This spirit unlinked from its bars,
Ere then shall but love and forgive him,
While floating above the bright stars!
Hut what a sharp pang in my bosom,
Half crushing the quivering breath—
Aht the life-tide my pale lips is staining,
The dagger may rest in its sheath.

Dr. Roback's Scandinavian Blood Pills and Blood Purifier.

"The blood is the life," says Scripture; so says Science also. Expel corruption from the blood and no disease can exist in the system. My Blood Pills and Purifier perform their task effectually. They are powerful vegetable detergents, and cure all forms of disease, which arise from impure blood, simply because they remove the common causes of disease from the life-sustaining fluid. Hence their apparently miraculous cures of scrofula, eruptions, tumors, dyspepsia, liver complaints, rheumatism, swelling of the joints, and all affections of the internal organs, which do not proceed from malformation.

See advertisement.

The Indianapolis Sentinel, after copying the principal part of the proceedings of the Princeton Convention, says the following of the nominee:

Judge Law is a gentleman of high character, talents and cultivation. He is eminently fitted for the position for which he has been named, and to which he will be elected by a larger majority than any candidate has received in that stronghold of Democracy.

HON. DAVID T. LAIRD OF ROCKPORT.—We are gratified to learn that this gentleman, who was a Fillmore elector in 1856, and who is one of the ablest speakers and one of the cleverest men in the District, has announced, in a speech at Leavenworth, Ind., his adhesion to the Democratic party. Mr. L. is an acquisition that any party may well be proud of, and his ponderous battle axe will be felt in many a political setto in this year 1860.—Evansville Enquirer.

Set Out a Few More Fruit Trees.

Yes, set out a cherry tree near the road, and another at the end of the house, to partially shade the sitting room from the hot sun. The cherry, when well trained, forms a regularly symmetrical tree, ornamental at least when covered with a profusion of snow-white blooms, or bending beneath its load of dark red fruit. Set a pear tree in the nook by the shed, and one at each end of the carriage house. They will injure nothing, and the rich soil will cause them to grow rapidly. Now put out a few peach trees along the garden border where the shade will scarcely injure the vegetables; or a few trees may be set compactly fifteen feet apart, and the space they would shade be used for raspberries and blackberries.

There is the lane, too, leading to the pasture, which might well have a row of apple or pear trees upon each side, which will injure the adjacent fields far less than the returns they should give. Such single rows of trees usually give better returns than the same number of trees in an orchard. Again, there is the south side of the barn, shed, and hovel, yes and the tight fence upon the north side of the garden, which might be covered with grape vines, and yield many bushels of fruit.

Now, reader, look about your buildings, around the yards, along the fences, etc., and see if there is not room for a few more trees. Then go to the nearest nurseryman, if he is an honest man, careful grower, and select your trees, have them taken up with all the roots, take them home without exposure to the sun, and set at once in large square holes spreading out the roots and fibers in their natural position. If the soil is not rich, add a little old manure or ground bones at the time of setting and hopefully await the result of your expenditures in time and money.—American Agriculturist.

Mr. Holt, of the firm of Ensley, Holt & Co., or either of their agents, Mr. S. McCrillis or Mr. Ellis Corn, will furnish trees of the best varieties to all who wish them.

HAY.—Grass, for hay, should be cut before the seeds ripen. Some farmers think it best to let the seeds ripen, as the seed is more nutritious. The value of hay is in the saccharine matter contained in the stalk. This saccharine matter is drawn from the stalk to mature the seed; and the grass stalk, on which the seed has ripened loses its saccharine matter, and is as worthless as wheat straw. If the seed is allowed to mature on the corn stalk, the stalk will not make sugar. So with the sugar cane—that intended for the manufacture of sugar, should not be allowed to mature its seed. So grass should be cut while the saccharine matter is in the stalk, and before it has been used to mature seed.

CARROTS FOR HOGS.—One of our subscribers asks if we have had any experience in fattening hogs with carrots? Yes, but only for two seasons, and that ten years ago. We recollect our success, however, well; for we had plenty of carrots, and but little corn. So we took out of our pen two of the grunTERS and fed them with corn, the others we fed carrots. The result was that those on carrots grew and fattened even more rapidly than the corn fed; and when killed, although we imagined the pork was not as firm, yet it was fully as sweet; we more than half believe the lack of firmness was only our imagination.—Ohio Farmer.